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INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

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Vol. 2.—No. 13.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Original Articles.

REST IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

My soul now turns to find a peaceful rest ;
Where shall it be ?
Woes, woes unnumbered smite upon my breast ;
Alas for me !
Alas ! I've searched throughout the world around
The prize to gain ;
In gold nor fame the precious boon was found ;
Dust, dust and vain.

Say, fair moon, O can'st thou tell
Where the boon I seek may dwell ?
Weary, weary am I of earth ;
Strife, blood and strife !
E'en from the dawn of mortal birth
Such, here, is LIFE.

Then with a pitying sigh,
The pale orb did reply,
"Mortal! whate'er thy world may be,
Ask not the boon you crave from me ;
With silvery light I will try to cheer
Thine earthly ball ;
But the prize you ask—not here, not here—
Vain is thy call.
Not here—not here—
There's still a higher sphere."

Say, mysterious orbs of light
Sparkling on the brow of night,
There sweet peace methinks must reign
Without alloy ;
There can be, nor sin nor pain,
All perfect joy !

Then came a lute-like tone,
And then a plaintive moan,—
"Mortal! thy complainings cease ;
Think not here is perfect peace ;
What is here I may not tell ;—
No home for thee !
Ask not 'mid the stars to dwell,
All thoughtlessly ;
Not here—not here—
Seek yet a brighter sphere."

Orb adored by kings of old,
Glowing high like burnished gold,
There bright orb my soul seeks rest ;
Up let it soar ;
There this heart shall be oppressed
With woe no more.

Then from behind a cloud,
A voice there came, and loud,
"Man! this orb is not for thee ;
Nobler still thy destiny ;—
What is here I may not tell ;
I teach but this :
Seek not 'mid my beams to dwell,
Not here is bliss ;
Not here—not here—
Seek yet a purer sphere."

Say, O mystic, rolling sea,
Emblem of sublimity !
Is there not beneath thy breast
The boon I seek ?
A world where this sad heart may rest,
Too frail and weak ?

There beneath thy restless waves,
In thy wondrous coral caves,
Is there not a place of bliss—
Devoid of gloom,
Where flowers of peace and happiness,
Immortal bloom ?

Louder did the wild waves roar,
As they beat against the shore,—
"Mortal!" chimed the angry sea,
"Ask not the boon you crave, from me ;
O'er my breast these billows roll
Unquietly ;
Peace for thy unquiet soul
Is not with me.
Not here—not here—
Man! seek a higher sphere."

Where then shall the soul find rest ?
Where, where with peace be blest ?
O, let me not despair !
Hope! tell me, tell me where.
Then an angel hovered nigh,
Smiling through each tearful eye,
Pointing far beyond the sky,
As she sweetly did reply—
"With God, in Heaven there !"

EDEN VALE, Dec., 1849.

A HOLIDAY MONOLOGUE.

They are upon us again—the cold, dark, wintry days wherein men seek to drive away sadness by all ingenious and time-honored appliances of mirth. And they succeed in truth ; for the "Christmas Carol" is oftentimes merrier music than the summer-song of birds, and the gay feasts of the New Year ; fuller overflowing with genuine hilarity and hearty mirth than all the spontaneous bounty of Nature's autumn harvests.

How the wind sighs past my window as I write these words ! But what care I for winds, though sad as Niche and her train, as long as my fire blazes brightly, and my heart beats warmly within its chamber ? Nought, in sooth ; it may sigh till its sad soul is breathed out in foolish moans ; mine, thank heaven, has other work in hand !

And now came gliding across my vision, fast lapsing into obliviousness of the present, shadows of old with green garlands bound on their snowy locks ; verily crowned with wreaths of holly, and bearing in their hands boughs of the mistletoe, on which hang chaplets of the leaves of their foster-parent, the oak. These shadows, too, with their dim and solemn countenances, seem like old friends whose forms have long since departed from remembrance, and come again to stir up memories that would otherwise sleep till the revelation of all things. They are so. The holly and mistletoe and oaken wreaths are the quaint emblems of the season ; the shadows that bear them, the recollections of days and deeds and feelings that are interwoven with the traditions of the nursery and the hearth-side.

Yes ; how the wind does whistle ! Right, right, quiet spirit ; only, for the sake of charity, spare the shivering and the hungry. And what a glorious celebration of these merry days were it, to gather in from every hovel and cellar of the land, the starving and freezing sons and daughters of want, to a good feast of fat things, whence they should also bear to their homes what would cheer their wretched souls and bodies for many a desolate day and bitter night yet to come. O what a holiday pleasure, indeed, were this ! I can imagine the poor beggars gathered into spacious halls—stripped of their loathsome rags and clothed in the staunch habiliments of men and women well-to-do in the world—brought from smoky dens and roadside ditches to inhale the pure air of heaven yet disarmed of its icy sting—thanking God for a supper of such sort as many a great king has lacked in time of need, and which seems to them, contrasted with the foul fragments on which they have starved so

long, a congregation of all the bounties that Nature bestows on her favorites. I see in the crowd the poor Irish exile, who escaped from his dear isle and a death of famine, at once, to endure almost as much from the disease and strangeness of the land of his adoption; the bonny Scot, from whose soul penury and misfortune have not trampled out the poetry of his mountain birth-home; the staid German, musing over the traditions and memories of his "father-land;" the proud Pole, ground to earth by the woes of his adored country, and utterly unfit for the stern life which greets him among the shrewd race where his footsteps have fallen; nay, even the New-Englander, himself, prostrated by sickness and a long train of ill-fortune—perchance degraded by the foul influence of Intemperance with its attendant vices. I see the pale mother, straining to her bosom her emaciated child, in wondering gratitude for the transient bounty; the aged, whispering to each other incidents of happiness in the past, when their limbs and hearts were strong, and they laughed to scorn the threatened tempests of life; the young, who had been reared in ignorance of everything like the enjoyments of life, and who seem as enchanted as the hardy adventurer in an Eastern tale; the infirm, in whose deadened veins a new pulse of life has awakened; the dissolute, roused to an ambition for better things; the vicious, weeping tears of mingled joy and grief over their sins and the possibility of repentance, and the enjoyment still of life. And mingling with them, and ministering alike to physical and spiritual want, behold the good to whom Providence has assigned a better lot, listening to their sad story, and sympathizing with their misfortunes; whispering gentle reproof to the guilty and hope to the despairing; angels of mercy in human form;—angels, as it were, reclaiming their fallen brethren from the gates of death. And there to see these poor fellow-creatures go forth again, with the seal of nobility freshly stamped upon their hearts; with spirits renewed in all their higher attributes, and hearts nerved against the assaults of sin and sorrow; bearing with them what should strengthen and defend soul and body till both were again strong in self-defense;—to see all this, and to feel it—tell me, ye sons of Mammon—ye slaves to ambition—ye reptiles of lust—were it not a spectacle which would put to eternal shame, your groaning coffers—wither the laurels on your brows—cause your unholy pleasures to turn to ashes?

All this were possible if—And there we stop; it is not possible. Every anniversary carries us farther from such a hope. There was much of this spirit mingled with old feudalism; much that was noble and good mixed up with the customs of those dark ages which originated the observances I speak of; much, very much, though ignorantly and rudely made manifest. Whose heart has not warmed over the chronicles of those old times when the great baron heaped on the blazing logs and fagots in his ancestral hall till their roar became a signal for unrestrained hilarity to the jolly yeomen circled round; whose hospitable board groaned under the wealth of viands which were spread that all his peasantry might enjoy their merry Christmas? Ah! brave old days were these, if we may trust myth and ballad! And these annual outpourings of generosity have ceased; this sweeping inundation of charity; pray heaven the waters descend, then, in gradual showers, fructifying and enriching where then they partly destroyed.

Yet the Holidays continue. Still do we lay aside our business, very gravely on Christmas-eve, and take a day's recreation in dosing by our own fireside till the next; we take comfort as we would

a dose of physic, to renew our health for business. The children still hang their stockings in the corner, in fond hope that St. Nicholas may perform the pledges his chroniclers so liberally make, and wake in the morning to find in them the boot-jack instead of a jack-knife, or a few vain nut-shells in lieu of the sugar plums they dreamed of. Some people still hold on, rather insanely, to the practice of a little rational sociality and hearty cheer; while a few,—ripe candidates for Bedlam—insist on a regular *vender*, including a sleigh-ride where the snow is not less than half-a-score feet deep, and taking place from midnight down along in the small hours. But the majority are degenerate; totally fallen from the true spirit; content, if poor, with slaughtering a few miserable hours of time; if rich, with sliding into each others' houses for a few moments, simpering the "compliments of the season," and drinking unmeaning healths in the most insipid of patent wines. O fie! O fie!

But to the reflecting, the Holidays still are dear. They bring a train of fond recollections—of fine sentiment—of tender feeling. The Poet still indites his Christmas lay, singing of a venerable old man with thin garments and trembling steps, who reaches forward to warm his shriveled and bony hands in the damp blaze of the kindling fagots.—This is WINTER. The story-teller weaves up a marvelous tale of a New Years' Night, wherein all his heroes and heroines are finally rendered as happy as the most ingenious combination of blessing can make them. The young girl flings aside her novel to dream of self-starved knights watching their armour through the live-long night, before the shrine of their adoration, while ghostly monks chant solemn prayers in crypt and chapel, for the souls of the faithful. What a Christmas supper were that, my dear; I shiver to think of it. And then the dreamer ponders pensively over some token of past sorrow, which the anniversary calls to his mind; it may be the gift of a friend, lost to himself, though still living; it may be the emblem of a love vanished at the first cold touch of reality, though leaving its scar forever upon his heart; and a scar not the less deep, perchance, that the fire which caused it was buried there, burning itself out by slow degrees, instead of blazing up more briefly in the gaze of the world. Or it may be an evidence of neglected opportunities, and hours wasted in aimless irresolution till the spring of life is passed and its summer verging into the season of decay, without giving promise of that fruitage which can alone preserve from the horrors of spiritual famine.

But this must end. The fire has ceased to blaze on my hearth—the wind has changed its tone to a dirge-like howl—the waning lamp proclaims the approach of the hour sacred to spirits other than those imprisoned in human forms. And what have I to ponder in the Past—to anticipate in the Future? What, alas!

—WHAT? Philanthropy and Justice; Energy and Faith; a moral and intellectual Heaven for an aim, where new glories shall ever greet the ascending spirits.

Courtesy.

True courtesy consists not in a close observance of an established code of etiquette, but is rather developed in a line of action that has reference to the well being and comfort of those with whom we associate. A little act of kindness, springing from a benevolent motive, carries with it a more perfect assurance of good will, than a thousand of the most florid speeches got up after an approved pattern.

CHRISTMAS.

I remember, I remember

How my childish heart beat high,
When the dear old month, December,
With its mirth was drawing nigh.
And with what delight 'twas laden,
Though the last one of the year,
To a happy little maiden,
Who wish'd it ever near.

O 'twas festive—O 'twas festive,
In my dear paternal home,
When the many happy glances,
Told, the holydays had come.
And sweeter strains of music,
Have never met my ear
Than a "Merry Christmas" to you,
Or a happy, blest New Year.

We were happy, very happy,
For many days before
In thinking of the treasures,
That the future held in store.
For we knew that streams of gladness,
From affection's fount did spring,
And besides the yearly presents,
That "Old Santa Claus" would bring.

Then our father and our mother,
O I'm sure *their* hearts were glad,
For their faces told a language,
Their tongues could not have said.
Their united hearts were clinging,
Around that household band,
While incense sweet was springing
As from a fairy land.

But a dearer than all other,
For the joy her visit brought,
Was our aged good grand-mother
With a heart so kindly fraught.
And her pockets, too, were laden,
With many a gift and toy;
But we valued them less highly
Than the love-light in her eye.

There was beauty, *rarest* beauty,
In her mild and pleasant face;
Though the rose of youth had vanished,
And age had left its trace.
And the locks were white and silvery,
Her placid brow above,
Yet the glory of those features
Was religious faith and love.

A thousand memories linger,
Around her place of rest,
For the turf and wild spring flower,
Her bosom long have prest.
And my heart knows no such rapture,
Though to womanhood I'm grown,
As when in love's full purpose
With the holydays she'd come.

ANN LINDEN.

CHRISTMAS.

Hail to thee, Christmas! who, with rosy face
Half hid in clustering locks of silver hair
And merry-seeming eyes, and cheerful face,
And limbs defended from the biting air
By prudent housewives' never-failing care,
Returnest (with thy bounties, to make glad
Stomach and soul) to the bright circle, where
Grandsire and dame, and little maid and lad—
The household band—so oft thy kindly smiles have
had.

Select Miscellany.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING HORN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Witlaf, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland,
His drinking horn bequeathed;

That whenever they sat at their revels
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached His holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the Reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead!

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

THE HANDSOME PECOPIN.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

(CONCLUDED.)

X.

EQUIS CANIBUSQUE.

As Pecopin started to his feet, an old gentleman in a magnificent hunting-suit stood before him. He was completely equipped.—A knife, with a carved gold handle, was at his side; and from his girdle depended a trumpet made of a Buffalo's horn, and lined with pewter. There was something indescribably strange and lustrous in his pale face, as he stood smiling in the last glimmering of the twilight. To see this old huntsman appear thus suddenly in such a place and at such an hour, would doubtless have astonished you as well as me; but Pecopin was thinking only

of Roulon, and as the old man was not a Dwarf, he was re-assured instead of being alarmed.

Besides, the good man had a gracious, affable and courteous air; and, although dressed like an inveterate huntsman, he was so old, so worn, so bent, so decrepit; his hands were so weak and wrinkled, his eye lashes so white and his legs so thin, it would have been disgraceful to be afraid of him. His smile, when you scrutinized it, had the unmeaning simple expression of an imbecile King.

"What would you with me?" asked Pecopin.

"Restore you to Bauldour," said the old huntsman, still smiling.

"When?"

"After you have hunted with me one night."

"What night?"

"This one."

"Shall I then see Bauldour again?"

"Yes—when your night's hunting is ended, I will place you, with the rising sun, at the gate of Falkenburg."

"A hunt at night!" said Pecopin to himself, but so loud as to be overheard; "that's very strange?"

"Pooh!"

"And very fatiguing, too."

"Not in the least."

"Beside, you are very old."

"Don't trouble yourself on my account."

"But I am fatigued. I have walked all day and am dying with hunger and thirst. I have not even the strength to mount a horse."

The old man took from his girdle a flagon inlaid with silver, and held it toward Pecopin:

"Drink this," said he.

Pecopin put the flagon to his lips without hesitation, and he had scarcely taken one swallow before he felt like another creature. He was young, strong, supple; he had slept, he had eaten and he had drunk—nay, it seemed as if he had drunk too much.

"Come!" said he smartly: "let us walk, or run, or hunt all night. I agree to anything. But observe: you promise I shall see Bauldour again?"

"When the sun rises after this night is past."

"And what guarantee do you give me for the fulfilment of your promise?"

"My presence and the assistance I have now given you. I might have left you here to die of hunger, fatigue and misery. I might have abandoned you to Roulon, the Dwarf of the lake. But I took pity on you."

"I will trust you," said Pecopin: "to Falkenburg with the rising sun."

"Hola, there! you foresters! come to the hunt!" shouted the old man, making an effort to raise his broken voice, and speaking with a promptitude that was suspicious.

As the huntsman said this, he turned toward the coppice, when Pecopin perceived that he was hump-backed: and when he stepped, Pecopin saw that he was lame.

A troop of horsemen immediately answered the old man's call, issuing from the thick woods in the costume of princes, and mounted like kings.

They ranged themselves silently around the old man, who seemed to be their master, and all of them were armed with knives or spears.

The huntsman alone carried a horn. It was now night, but two hundred footmen bearing torches attended the cavaliers.

"Ebbene," said the master, "*ubi sunt los perrors?*"

This mixture of Latin, Italian and Spanish, was disagreeable to Pecopin. But instantly the old man said again, impatiently,

"The dogs! where are the dogs?"

As he spoke, the place resounded with the barking of dogs. The animals came on in full cry; and an admirable pack they were, too: worthy of an emperor. Footmen in yellow jackets and red stockings, keeper of the kennel, and naked negroes held them tightly in leash.

Never were a collection of dogs more complete. They were of all sorts, divided and coupled according to their several breeds and instincts. The first pack consisted of a hundred English bull dogs, and a hundred greyhounds attached to twelve pairs of spotted dogs, and twelve pairs of mute hounds. The second pack consisted of dogs from Barbary, white and speckled with red; bold creatures that fear nothing, remain three years in their prime, attack cattle from instinctive aversion, and hunt wild beasts with avidity. The third pack was a legion of dogs from Norway; red dogs with a spot of white in their foreheads and necks—of excellent scent and courage, that delight in running down the stag; and grey dogs, speckled on the back, with legs of the same color, and feet like the hare's, that is, striped with red and black. The selection was excellent; there was not a half-breed among them. Pecopin, was a connoisseur of these matters, could not discover among the red dogs one that was yellow, or marked with gray; nor, among the gray dogs, one that was lighter than his fellow or had red paws. The fourth pack was a formidable one. It consisted of those powerful black dogs of the Abbey of St. Aubertin-Ardenne, that have short legs and no speed, but make much formidable blood-hounds, and attack so ferociously the wild-boar and the strong-scented animals. Like those of Norway, they were a pure breed, gentleman dogs, and had evidently been suckled near the heart. Their heads were of a moderate size, rather long than flat; their mouths black; their ears broad; their reins curved; their back's muscular; legs large; tails thick at the rump; hair harsh under the belly; claws strong; feet like those of a fox. The fifth pack was oriental, and must have cost immense sums; for it contained none but the dogs of Palimbotra that fight bulls, dogs of Cintigei that fight lions, and dogs of Monomotapa that form part of the body-guard of the Emperor of India. All these English, Barbarian, Norwegian, Ardennian, and Indian, howled horribly. A national parliament could not have done better.

Pecopin was charmed with the dogs, and all his sporting propensities were kindled at the sight of them.

Nevertheless, he could not conceive where they came from; and he could not help saying to himself, that since they now made so terrible a noise, it was singular they kept such silence before they came within sight. The dog-keeper of this immense assemblage stood at a distance from Pecopin, and kept his back constantly turned toward him: Pecopin went

to him to ask a question, when he discovered that he wore a mask.

Pecopin did not ask his question; but, turning away, asked himself whether he was wise to join the hunt. At this moment, the old man accosted him.

"Well, sir knight, what do you think of our dogs?"

"I think, sir," answered Pecopin "that we shall need formidable horses to follow such a formidable pack."

By way of reply to this remark, the old man put to his mouth a silver whistle, which was attached to the little finger of his left hand—the precaution of a man of taste who is exposed to seeing tragedies performed frequently—and blew it.

At the sound of the whistle a noise was heard among the trees. The company made way, and four grooms in scarlet livery appeared, leading two magnificent horses. One was a superb Spanish genet, of magisterial gait, with high, smooth, and rounded black hoofs, short pasterns, dry and muscular shoulders, and thin and well-joined knees. His leg was like that of a stag; his chest broad; his back double, fat and quivering. The other was a Tartar racer, with enormous buttocks, long chest, and sleek sides. His neck slightly curved, but not too much arched, was ornamented with a deep, floating mane, and his tail swept the ground. The skin of his forehead was drawn tightly above his large sparkling eyes; his mouth was large, his ears restless, his nostrils distended, and he bore a white star in his forehead. He was just seven years old. The first was harnessed with the chamfrin, the poitrail and the war-saddle. The second was less proudly, but more splendidly caparisoned, with silver bit, gilded knots, gold-embroidered bridle, regal saddle, brocade housings, hanging tassels, and waving plumes. The one stamped, snorted, champed the bit, tore up the ground, and asked for war; the other looked around as if expecting applause; he neighed cheerily, strode daintily, and looked kingly. Both were as black as ebony.—Pecopin was almost wild with admiration.

"Well!" said the old man, hobbling, laughing and still smiling, "which will you take?"

Pecopin without an instant's hesitation, leaped on the genet.

"Are you firm in the saddle?" said the old man.

"Yes," answered Pecopin.

Then the old man burst into a loud laugh!

He tore off with one hand the trapping, the plumes, the saddle of the Tartar horse, seized the animal by the mane with the other, and bounded on it like a tiger, while the superb animal trembled in every member. He then grasped the trumpet that hung at his girdle, and sounded such a blast that the deafened Pecopin thought this fearful old man carried thunder in his breath.

XI.

HOW A MAN EXPOSES HIMSELF, WHEN HE MOUNTS A STRANGE HORSE.

At the sound of the horn, the forest, in all its depths, was illuminated by innumerable strange lights. Shadows flitted among the trees, and distant voices shouted, "On! on! forward!" The dogs barked, the horses snorted, and the trees shook as if agitated by a mighty wind,

Immediately after, a cracked clock tolled midnight. At the twelfth stroke, the old man again put his ivory horn to his lips; and, as the unearthly peal rang out, the dog-keepers unlash the hounds. The din was now redoubled; the dogs rushed on like the wind, and the whole cavalcade, with the old man and Pecopin, followed at a gallop—a rude, violent, rapid, giddy, and supernatural gallop, which hurried and dragged Pecopin onward, and made his brain resound with the clatter of the horse, as if his skull were a pavement over which he rode. It stunned him like lightning; it intoxicated him like an orgie; it exasperated him like a battle. It was a gallop which, at times, became a whirlwind—which, at times, became a tornado.

The forest was immense, the huntsmen innumerable. Glade succeeded to glade; the wind moaned, the bushes and brambles whistled, the dogs barked, and the black outline of a colossal stag, with sixteen antlers, appeared at intervals among the boughs, flying, now in the light, now in the darkness. Pecopin's steed breathed frightfully, while the trees bowed and shrunk back, as the hunt passed by.

Pecopin knew not where he was in galloping past a ruin shaded by fir-trees, among which a cascade fell from the top of a very high porphyry wall, he thought he recognized the Castle of Nideck. Then he saw mountains rapidly receding on his left, that looked to him like the chain of the Lower Vosges.—He recognized, successively, by the form of their summits, the Ban-de-la-Roche, the Champ du Feu, the Climont, and the Ungersberg. The next moment, he was in the Upper Vosges. In less than a quarter of an hour, his horse had passed over the Giromagny, the Rotabac, the Sultz, the Barenkopf, the Graisson, the Bressoir, the Hunt-de-Honce, the Mont-de-Lure, the Tete-de-l'Ours, the Great Donon, and the Great Ventron. These vast ridges appeared pell-mell in the darkness, without order or connexion. You would have said that a giant had overthrown the great Alsatian chain, and tumbled its peaks tumultuously together. It also seemed to Pecopin, that he could distinguish, below him, the lakes that lie on the summit of the Vosges mountains—as if the mountains actually passed under his horse's belly. Thus he saw his own shadow reflected in the Bain-des-Paiens, the Saut des-Cuves, the Black lake, and the White lake; but he saw it as the swallows see theirs, when they skim the surface of a river—seen, and gone in a moment. Nevertheless, strange and irresistible as was this race, he took comfort, by placing his hand on the talisman, and believing that he was not quitting the borders of the Rhine.

Suddenly a thick fog enveloped everything. The trees grew indistinct, and disappeared; the noise of the chase increased, and his genet began to gallop with redoubled fury.—the fog was so dense, that Pecopin could scarcely distinguish his horse's ears. In such fearful moments, it is surely an effort, and it is praiseworthy, to commend one's soul to his God, and one's heart to his mistress. This is what our brave knight did mostly devoutly.—He was thinking, therefore, of God and Baudour—perhaps even more of the latter than the former—when it seemed as if the moaning of the wind took the character of a voice,

and pronounced this word distinctly *Heimbürg*. At the same time, a great torch, borne by a huntsman, crossed through the fog; and, by the light of this torch, Pecopin saw over his head a kite, pierced by an arrow, but which flew, nevertheless. He was about to observe this bird more attentively, when his horse gave a spring, the kite flapped his wings, the torch plunged into the wood, and Pecopin was left in the dark. After a few minutes, the wind spoke again and said—*Vaughtsberg*. Another light brightened the mist, and Pecopin, looking up, saw a vulture, with a javelin in its wing, but which flew nevertheless. He opened his eyes wide, to see; and opened his mouth to cry out: but, before he could utter a word, the light, the vulture, and the javelin had disappeared. His horse, meantime, had not abated his speed for an instant, but dashed on headlong among these phantoms, as if he were the eyeless steed of the demon Paphos, or the earless one of the King Sisymordachus. A third time, the wind gave its voice, and Pecopin heard the doleful tone say—*Reinstein*. A third flash lighted up the trees through the vapor, and a third bird passed: this was an eagle with a dart in his breast, but which flew, nevertheless. Then Pecopin remembered the Pfalzgraf's chase into which he had been seduced, and he shuddered: but the gallop of the genet was so frightful, the trees and the vague objects of the nocturnal landscape disappeared so instantaneously, the speed of everything around him was so prodigious, that he could determine upon nothing; ideas flew through his brain like the wind; while the noise of the chase was incessantly heard in the distance, and at intervals the braying of the colossal stag was echoed through the trees.

At length the dense mist vanished: the air suddenly became warm, and the form of the trees was changed. The cork-tree, the pistachio and the palm appeared among the rocks. A large white moon, surrounded by an immense halo, mournfully shone upon the way, and the light seemed unlike the ordinary light of the moon.

In flying down a precipitous bank, Pecopin stooped and clutched a handful of plants—and he saw with horror by the sickly light of the moon, that they were the vulnerable anthyllus of Cevennes, the filiform veronica and the ferula with its hideous leaves that terminate in claws. Half an hour after this, the wind grew hotter, and a singular appearance, like the looming at sea, was observable at times between the trees. Again Pecopin plucked a handful of plants; and this time he recognized the silvery cytissus of Certe, the starry anemone of Nice, the sanguinary geranium of the Lower Pyrenees, so readily known by its leaf shaped like a human hand, and the astrantia major, the flower of which is a sun radiating across a ring, like the planet Saturn. Pecopin saw that he was leaving the Rhine with frightful rapidity: he had gone more than a hundred leagues between the two handfuls of plants. He had passed the Vosges and the Cevennes, and he was at that moment crossing the Pyrenees. "Rather death than this!" thought he, and he attempted to throw himself from his horse. As he did so, he felt his feet grasped as it were by two hands of iron: he looked down—his stirrups were living stirrups!

The distant cries and shouts, the neighing and the barking made a perfect Babel. The horn of the old huntsman, leading the chase, gave forth ominous notes, and, through the blueish branches waved by the wind, Pecopin could see the dogs swim across ponds that glowed with supernatural light.

The poor knight now resigned himself to his fate, and shut his eyes. Once he opened them; the furnace-like heat of a tropical climate was scorching his face, and the distant howling of tigers and jackalls reached his ears. He beheld the ruins of Pagodas, their tops filled with long files of vultures, monkeys and storks. The strange looking trees in the valley assumed a thousand queer shapes.—He recognized the banyan and the baobab; the one-nonbony whistled, the oyrarameum trilled, and the little gonambuch sang. Pecopin was in a forest in India.

He shut his eyes again.

When he opened them, a quarter of an hour later, an icy blast had succeeded to the breath of the equator. The cold was intense and the horse's hoofs grated over the ice.—The rein-deer, the moose and the satyr wandered like spectres through the haze. Nothing could be seen in the horizon but some rocks of immense height, around which sea-gulls and beetles were flying; and through the black, horrible trees, great rolling white waves were visible, sending to the skies their raging foam and receiving thence large flakes of snow. Pecopin was flying through the larch-tree forests of Biarmia, at Cape North.

A moment later, and the night grew blacker. Pecopin could see nothing, but he heard a hideous noise, and he knew he was passing the Maelstrom, which is the Tartrus of the ancients, and the navel of the sea.

What could this dreadful forest be that thus made the circuit of the world?

The stag with sixteen antlers continued to be seen at intervals, always flying and always pursued. The spectres and the clamor followed in its track; and the horn of the huntsman rose above all, even the roar of the Maelstrom.

Suddenly, the genet stopped short: the barking and shouting ceased, and every thing around Pecopin was silent. The poor knight, who had not opened his eyes for an hour, now looked about him. He was in front of a sombre and colossal edifice, the windows of which were illuminated and seemed to be staring at him. This facade was as black as a mask, and living as a human face.

XII.

A BAD RESTING PLACE.

It is not easy to say what this edifice was. It was a house as strong as a citadel, a citadel as magnificent as a palace, a palace as threatening as an cavern, a cavern as silent as a tomb.

No voice was heard there, and no shadow was seen.

Around this edifice, the immensity of which was supernatural, the forest stretched further than the eye could follow it. There was no longer a moon in the horizon, but some few stars were there, all as red as blood.

The horse had stopped at the foot of a flight of steps leading to a great closed door. Pecopin looked to the right and the left, and thought he could discover all along the facade

other flights of steps, at the feet of which were other cavaliers like himself, motionless and waiting in silence.

Pecopin drew his poignard, and was about to strike with the hilt on the marble balustrade of the steps, when the old huntsman's horn gave a sudden blast, probably from within the building, sonorous, powerful and horrid, like the full trumpet, of the storm or the voice of the accursed angel. This horn, the noise of which visibly bent the trees, rang a fearful *hallali*.

When the sound ceased, the two-leaved door of the castle, as if propelled by a mighty wind from within, flew open outwardly, and a flood of light poured forth.

The genet ascended the steps, and Pecopin entered a vast hall, splendidly illuminated.—The walls of this hall were covered with tapestry, representing subjects drawn from Roman history. The wainscot was of cypress and ivory. Above, was a gallery filled with flowers and shrubs; and below, in an angle under an arch, was a place reserved for women paved with agate. The rest of the floor was a mosaic representing the siege of Troy.

But there was nothing else. The hall was deserted. And this great light in this great solitude was awful and appalling.

The horse, his hoofs resounding on the pavement, took his own course and leisurely passed through the hall. He then entered another apartment, equally brilliant, equally immense, and equally solitary.

Around this room were large panels of carved cedar, in which some marvellous artist had encased marvelous paintings, overlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. These pictures represented battles, chases, feasts, castles filled with fireworks, besieged and taken by fawns and savages; tournaments and naval encounters with all sorts of vessels, floating on an ocean of turquoises, emeralds and sapphires, which admirably imitated the rotundity and swelling of the sea.

Below these pictures was a frieze carved in the finest and most skilful manner, representing, in the innumerable relations they bear to each other, the three species of terrestrial creatures endued with spiritual essence—giants, men and dwarfs; and throughout the work, the giants and dwarfs continually humiliated and triumphed over man, who is smaller than the one, and more stupid than the other.

The ceiling, however, seemed to render a sort of malicious homage to human genius.—It was covered with medallions; in which, lighted by a dull fire and surmounted with the crown of Pluto, shone the portraits of all the men to whom the world owes such discoveries as are reputed useful, and who, on this account, are styled the *benefactors of mankind*. Arabus was here for discoveries in medicine; Dedalus, for labyrinths; Pisistratus, for books; Aristotle, for libaries; Tubalcain, for the anvil; Architas, for warlike machines; Noah, for navigation; Abraham, for geometry; Moses, for the Trumpet; Amphictyon, for the divination of dreams; Frederic Barbarossa, for the falcon-hunt; and the Lyonnese, Bachou, for the quadrature of the circle. In the angles were grouped—like the master-constellations of this galaxy of human stars—many illustrious faces: such as Flavius, who discovered the mariner's compass; Christopher

Columbus, who discovered America; Botai-gus, who invented the condiments of cookery; Mars, who invented war; Faustus, who invented printing; the Monk Schwartz, who invented gunpowder; and the Pope Pontian, who invented cardinals.

Many of these famous personages, however, were unknown to Pecopin, for the simple reason that they were not born when these events took place.

The knight, conducted in this manner by his horse, passed through a long suit of magnificent apartments. On the eastern wall of one of them he saw the following inscription in golden characters:

"The *caous* of the Arabs, otherwise called *cave*, is an herb that grows abundantly in the empire of Turkey, and which in India is called the miraculous herb. It is thus prepared for use: reduce half an ounce of the herb to powder, and steep it in a pint of water three or four hours; then boil the liquid until a third part is evaporated. It should be sipped, not drank. Persons of condition sweeten it with sugar and flavor it with ambergris."

On the opposite wall, he saw this inscription: "The Greek fire is made in water with charcoal of the willow-tree, salt, brandy, sulphur, pitch, incense and camphor—the which burns even in water and consumes all things."

The sole ornament of another chamber was the portrait of the servant who, at the feast of Trimalcion made the circuit of the table, singing melodiously the praises of the sauce in which benzoin was an ingredient.

In every part of this wonderful building, branches, lustres, chandeliers and grandoles were reflected by enormous mirrors of brass and steel, but not a single living being could be discovered. Pecopin went on with a haggard eye and troubled spirit, filled with inexpressible and confused ideas.

At length he reached a door of reddish metal, above which was visible, though half concealed in a foliage of precious stone, the rounded form of a golden apple; and on the apple he read these two lines:

ADAM INVENTED THE REFAST,
EVE INVENTED THE DESERT.

XIII.

AS IS THE INN, SO IS THE TABLE.

WHILE Pecopin endeavored to discover the meaning of this inscription, the door slowly opened, the horse entered, and the knight suddenly found himself transferred from noon-day light to the darkness of a cavern.

The door closed behind him, and for a moment, owing to the gloominess of the place, he thought he was struck with blindness: he could see nothing but a broad, pale light at a distance. By degrees, however, his eye grew accustomed to the gloom, and he distinguished, as through a mist, the thousand huge pillars of a prodigious Babylonian chamber. The light in the centre of the apartment took a shape, forms were delineated by it, and after a few moments the knight discovered in this forest of twisted columns an immense table, vividly lighted by a chandelier of seven branches, and at their points seven flickering flames.

At the extreme end of this table, was a living giant of brass, seated on a throne of pure gold. He was Nimrod. On either side of him, in arm-chairs of iron, was a throng

of pale and silent guests, some wearing Moorish caps, and others covered with more pearls than were worn by the King of Bisnagar.

Pecopin here recognized all the mighty hunters who have left any traces in history: King Mithrobuzanus; the tyrant Machanidas; the Roman consul, Emilius; Barbula II.; Rollo, King of the Sea; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnolphus, King of Lorraine; Haganon, favorite of Charles of France; Guillaume Tete-d-Etoupe, Count of Poitiers, founder of the illustrious house of Rechinevoisin; Pope Vitalianus; Fardulfus, Abbe of St. Denis; Athelstane King of England; and Aigrold King of Denmark. By the side of Nimrod, leaning on his elbow, was the Great Cyrus, who founded the Persian empire two thousand years before Christ; he wore his coat-of-arms on his breast—which, as all the world knows, is a sinople with a silver lion crowned with a golden laurel above a round of crenelated gold, and bearing in its mouth eight tre-foils on a silver stalk.

The table was spread in conformity to imperial etiquette, and at its four angles were seated four illustrious huntresses; Queen Emma: Queen Orgive, mother of Louis d'Outre-Mer; Queen Gerberge; and Diana.

Not one of these guests ate, spoke, or saw. A large vacant space along the centre of the table seemed to imply that the repast was yet to be brought in, while there was nothing already served but flagons, in which sparkled the beverages of a thousand different countries; the palm-wine of India; the rice-wine of Bengal; the distilled water of Sumatra; the arch of Japan; the pampis of China; and the pechmen of the Turks. Here and there, in vast earthen pitchers, richly enamelled, frothed the beverage that the Norwegians call, *wel*, the Goths, *buska*, the Corinthians, *vo*, the Slavonians, *oll*, the Dalmatians, *bieu*, the Hungarians, *ser*, the Bohemians, *piva*, the Poles, *pwo*, and we, *beer*.

Negroes resembling demons, or demons resembling negroes, stood silently around the table with napkins over their arms and ewers in their hands. All the guests had, as was fitting, dwarfs at their sides; and Madame Diana had her greyhound.

By looking steadily into the darkest depths of this extraordinary place, Pecopin observed in the endless immensity of the chamber, ranged under the forest of columns, a multitude of spectators, all in the hunter's garb, and all, like himself, on horseback: they were shadows in their obscurity, statues in their immobility, and spectres in their silence. Among those nearest to him, he thought he recognized the horsemen who accompanied the old huntsman in the Wood of the Lost-Footsteps. But guests, servants and spectators preserved an appalling silence. You might have heard the stones of a sepulchre whisper, sooner than catch a syllable from any individual of this ghastly host.

It was, too, exceedingly cold. Pecopin was chilled to the bone; though, notwithstanding, the perspiration issued from every pore in his body.

All at once, barking and yelping resounded through the place: distant at first, but soon loud, joyous and savage. Then the horn of the old huntsman abruptly joined in, and commenced with triumphant brilliancy an admira-

ble *hallali*—which, being discovered a few centuries later by Roland de Lattre during a nocturnal inspiration, obtained for this great musician, (April sixth, 1574,) the honor of being created by Pope Gregory XIII. Knight of St. Peter of the Golden Spur *de numero participantium*.

At this noise, Nimrod raised his head; the Abbe Fardulfus turned half-way round; and Cyrus, who was leaning on his right elbow, shifted his position and leared on his left.

XIV.

A NEW METHOD OF GETTING OFF ONE'S HORSE.

THE barking and the music approached, a large door opposite the one Pecopin entered opened its two leaves, and the knight beheld in a long, dark gallery, the two hundred torch bearers sustaining on their shoulders an immense golden dish, in which lay, surrounded by a sea of gravy, the stag of sixteen antlers, roasted to a turn.

In advance of these lacqueys, whose two hundred torches were red as coals of fire, came the old huntsman with his buffalo horn in his hand, and bestriding the Tartar courser covered with foam. He no longer blew his trumpet, but smiled courteously amid the deafening howls of the pack, that still led by the masked keeper, escorted the smoking stag.

At the instant that this train debouched from the gallery and entered the chamber, the torches burned blue, and the dogs suddenly became quiet. These fearful animals with the mouths of lions and the roaring of tigers, followed their master with slow steps, drooping heads, their tails between their legs, and their eyes turned beseechingly toward the table where the pale mysterious guests were seated with faces as passionless and dull as marble.

When the old huntsman reached the table, he gazed for a moment steadily at these personages, and then burst into a loud laugh, saying.

"Hombresy mugeres, orca, vosotros, belle signore, domini et dominae, amigos mios, how do you get on?"

"You are late," said the man of brass.

"I had a friend behind to whom I wished to render the honors of the chase," replied the old man: "but," continued he, "it is late?"

"Look for yourself," answered Nimrod, extending the thumb of his right hand over his shoulder, and pointing to the extremity of the apartment behind him.

Pecopin's eye mechanically followed the indication of the giant and saw, afar off, the white ogees traced on the black wall as if there were windows there, faintly tinged by the first glimmerings of day.

"Well!" replied the hunter, "we must make haste, that's all."

And at a sign from him, the two hundred torch bearers, assisted by the negroes, set about placing the roasted stag on that part of the table directly under the chandelier with seven branches.

Pecopin then stuck the spurs into his genet and wonderful to relate!—the genet obeyed his will; possibly because the approach of day always weakens the sorcerer's power.—He pushed his steed between the valets and the table, rose in his stirrups, drew his sword,

and looked boldly on each sinister face around him, exclaiming,

"Fore God! whatever you may be, spectres, hob goblins, shadows, visions, emperors or demons, I forbid ye to move; and by death and the God who helps me, if ye disobey, I will teach ye all, even you, man of bronze, what is the weight of a living knight's iron shoe on the head of a phantom. As for you, old wretch," continued he, turning again to the huntsman, "you, who have foully lied to me, may readily unsheathe your sword, since you can blow your trumpet with a voice more furious than a bull's. Defend yourself! or, by the mass, I will cleave you across the reins, were you King Pluto himself!"

"Ah, my dear sir!" exclaimed the old man, "are you here? I am glad of it! you shall sup with us."

The smile with which this was uttered exasperated Pecopin to the last degree:

"Defend yourself, old knave!" cried he.—"You made me a promise and you have deceived me."

"Hijo! await the sequel! You know nothing about it."

"Defend yourself, I say!"

"My excellent friend, you understand the matter entirely."

"Restore me to Bauldour, according to your promise."

"Who told you that I would not! But what will you do when you behold her again?"

"She is my betrothed, as you well know, vile hypocrite. I shall marry her."

"And thus, in all probability, make one more sad and miserable couple," added the old man, shrugging his shoulders. "But after all," he continued, "what is that to me? There is no help for it. Things must be even so. For the bad example to male and female here below, is set by the male and female up yonder—the sun and moon make a detestable household of it: they are never together."

"Hold!" cried the knight: "a truce to your raillery, or I will exterminate you and your host of satellites: I will purge your den."

The huntsman replied with a boatswain's laugh,

"Purge, my friend? purge say you? this, then, is the prescription: senna, rhubarb, and epsom salts."

Pecopin by way of reply, sprang toward the old man with uplifted sword; but at the first bound, he perceived that his steed trembled and sunk under him. He looked around—a cold, faint ray of day penetrated into the place, and glanced on the marble floor. In an instant all the vast assemblage, save the old huntsman who remained motionless and smiling, began to vanish from sight. The light of the chandelier and torches faded; the eyes of the spectres, which for a moment had brightened at the bold affront of Pecopin, lost their animation; and, through the enormous body of the giant Nimrod, Pecopin could discover, as plainly as through a vessel of glass, the columns at the extremity of the apartment.

His horse became impalpable, and slowly dissolved under him, and his feet were just reaching the floor, when the cock crew.—There was something terrible in this clear, metallic, and vibrating voice that pierced Pecopin's ear like a blade of steel. At the same

moment a fresh breeze passed along, his steed vanished, and he nearly lost his balance as he struck the pavement: when he recovered himself, every thing had disappeared.

He found himself alone standing on the ground, with his sword in his hand, in a ravine choked up with bushes near a stream that was foaming over rocks, and in front of the gate of an old castle. The day was just breaking. He gave a shout of joy, for he stood before the castle of Falkenburg.

XV.

THE FIGURE OF RHETORIC THAT GOD USES MOST WILLINGLY.

The cock crew a second time, and the sound came from the poultry-yard of the castle. That cock—the clarion voice of which had just demolished the palace of the ghostly hunters—had perhaps that very night eaten the crumbs that fell daily from the blessed hand of Bauldour.

Scarcely had Pecopin glanced at those well-beloved turrets, when the fresh and enchanting image of his betrothed appeared to his mind's eye, and filled it with light; and all the miseries of the past—the kings, the embassies, the voyages, the spectres and the fearful visions he had escaped—melted away like smoke.

Assuredly it was not in this manner, with uplifted head and fierce look, that the crowned priest spoken of in the *Speculum Historale* emerged from the midst of phantoms, after visiting the splendid and sombre interior of the dragon of brass. And since this redoubtable figure has just appeared to the narrator of this history, it becomes him to cast a malediction and fix a stigma on this false sage with two faces, one turned toward the light and the other toward the darkness, and who was at once the Pope Sylvester II. for God; and, for the Devil, the magician Gerbert.

Hatred to traitors and double-minded persons is an imperative duty. Every Persian, as he passes, is bound to cast a stone at Perinet Leclercq; every Spaniard at Count Julian; every Christian at Judas; and every man at the Devil.

However, let us not forget that the Creator invariably places the day by the side of the night; good by the side of evil; the angel opposite the demon. The stern teachings of Providence result from this perpetual and sublime antithesis. It seems as if God continually says *choose*. In the fifteenth century, He placed the chaste and wise Emuldus in opposition to the cabalistic priest Gerbert.—The magician was Pope; the holy sage a physician; and men beheld under the same sky, amid the events, and at the same epoch, the white science in the black robe, and the black science in the white robe.

Pecopin sheathed his sword and strode rapidly to the castle, the windows of which, now enlivened by a ray of the rising sun, seemed to repeat the smile of Aurora. As he approached the bridge, of which there is now but a single arch remaining, he heard a voice behind him saying,

"Knight of Sonneck, have I kept my promise?"

XVI.

CAN WE RECOGNIZE ONE WHOM WE DO NOT KNOW?

Pecopin turned at this demand, and saw

two men standing in the bushes. One of them was the masked dog-keeper, and Pecopin started as he looked at him, carrying a large red portfolio under his arm. The other was a little, old, ugly, lame and humpbacked man. He it was who had spoken to Pecopin, and Pecopin tried to recollect where he had seen him.

"My gentleman," said the humpback: "it seems you do not remember me."

"Yes I do," said Pecopin.

"Well—"

"You are the slave whom I saw on the shores of the Red Sea."

"I am the huntsman of the Wood of the Lost-Footsteps," replied the humpback.

It was the Devil!

"On my honor," cried Pecopin, "since you have kept faith with me, as I am once more at Falkenburg and shall again behold Bauldour, I thank you, sir, in all loyalty."

"This night that is just past, you reproached me," replied the old man; "and what did I then say to you?"

"You said, 'await the sequel,'" answered Pecopin.

"Very good; and now you thank me," said the old man; "but now, I say again to you, Await the sequel. Perhaps you reproach me too hastily; perhaps you thank me too soon."

While he was speaking, the countenance of the little humpback assumed an inexplicable expression. Irony is the Devil's face, *par excellence*. Pecopin shuddered as he replied,

"What do you mean?"

The Devil pointed to the masked dog-keeper, saying,

"Have you ever seen this man before?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No."

The dog-keeper took off his mask: he was Erilangus. The Devil continued,

"Pecopin, you were my creditor; I am indebted to you for two things—this hump and my club-foot. Now I am conscientious debtor, so I looked up your old servant Erilangus in order to learn your particular propensities. He told me you were infatuated with the chase. Then, said I, it would be a thousand pities not to give this fine huntsman a taste of the black chase; and while I was thinking of this the sun was setting, and I met you in the Wood of the Lost-Footsteps. I was in the nick of time. The Dwarf Roulen would have pounced on you for himself, if I had not saved him the trouble."

Pecopin trembled involuntarily. The Devil continued:

"But for your talisman, I should have kept you altogether; but, after all, I am content as the matter stands. Revenge seasons a great variety of dishes."

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Pecopin, with an effort.

The Devil proceeded, without noting the knight's interruption.

"To reward Erilangus for his information, I have made him my private secretary. His perquisites are large."

"Will you tell me, knave, the meaning of all this?" repeated Pecopin.

"What did I promise you?"

"That after I had passed the night in hun-

ting with you, you would by sunrise bring me to Falkenburg."

"Well! here you are."

"Tell me, demon, is Bauldour dead?"

"No."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Has she taken the veil?"

"No."

"Is she still at Falkenburg?"

"Yes."

"Does she love me still?"

"Yes."

"In that case," exclaimed Pecopin, breathing as if a mountain had been lifted from his breast, "come what may, I thank you."

"Adieu, then," replied the Devil: "I am satisfied if you are."

So saying, he took Erilangus in his arms, although Erilangus was large and he was small, and, thrusting his deformed leg around the other, and rising on the point of his toe, he made a pirouette, and sunk into the earth like a gimblet.

As the ground closed upon the Devil, a pretty little blue flame escaped from the spot, and flitted gaily with many gambols and capers into the forest, where it remained some time, moving around and striking against the trees, which it closed with a thousand luminous shades, after the manner of a rainbow when it blends itself with the foliage.

XVII.

HOW TIME FLIES!

PECOPIN shrugged his shoulders. "Bauldour is alive and free, and loves me still.—What can I fear? Yesterday it was just five years since I parted from her. She will be more beautiful than ever, for twenty is the fairest age of woman."

In those days of sturdy fidelity, a five year's constancy was by no means astonishing.

Thus soliloquizing, he reached the castle.—Everything was as he left it. He recognized each carving on the portal, each notch in the portcullis, and each nail in the drawbridge.—He felt happy, for he knew he was welcome. The threshold of the door that we have known in our childhood, smiles on us when we return in our manhood like the face of a mother over her child.

As he crossed the bridge, he saw near the third arch a noble oak, the head of which overtopped the highest point of the battlements.

"That's strange," said he to himself: "there was no tree there before."

He then remembered that two or three weeks previous to his meeting with the Palatine's chase, he and Bauldour had played with acorns, and, while leaning over the parapet, had let one fall into the moat. "The devil!" thought he, "that acorn has become an oak in five years! What a soil!"

He next saw that four birds were perched on this oak, chattering with all their might; they were a kite, a jay, a pie, and a crow.—But Pecopin took no more notice of them than of a pigeon that was cooing in the dove-cote, or of a hen that was cackling in the poultry-yard. He thought only of Bauldour, and he hastened on.

As Pecopin passed under the gate, he heard behind him a shout of laughter, that seemed

quite distant though very distinct and prolonged. He looked about in every direction, but could see no one. Was it the Devil laughing in his den?

Under the arch was a reservoir of water, which, in the stillness of the morning, formed a brilliant mirror. Pecopin leaned over to take a survey of himself. After the disasters of his long travels that had left his clothes almost in tatters, and especially after the terrors of the last night's infernal chase, he expected to look like a fright; but it was not so.

Was it owing to the virtues of the Sultana's talisman, or the liquor given him by the Devil that he was handsomer, younger, and more blooming than ever? But what especially astonished Pecopin was, the fact that he was dressed in an entirely new and magnificent suit—a change from his recent raggedness which he could not comprehend, as he was conscious of having had, himself, no hand in the transformation. His dress was that of a prince, and his air that of a genius.

While thus gazing at himself with surprise, but also with satisfaction, he heard a second shout of laughter, louder than the first. He again looked round, but could see no one. It was the Devil laughing in his den.

He crossed the court-yard. The men-at-arms were leaning against the battlements; but no one recognized him, and he recognized no one. The maid-servants, who were beating cloths in the washing-pool, turned round as he approached, but none of them recognized him, and he recognized no one. His handsome face, in these cases, was a passport, and he was not questioned. A good appearance pre-supposes a good name.

As Pecopin knew the way, he directed his steps toward the turret-stairs that led to the apartment of Bauldour. In passing through the court-yard, it had struck him that the facade of the castle was dingy and looked old, while the ivy on the northern wall had thickened, and the vines on the south were greatly increased. On reaching the turret, he had some difficulty in remembering the place.—The staircase leading to the top was spiral; but at the time Pecopin left the country, the lady's father had caused it to be made anew, with the beautiful white free stone of Heidelberg.

Now, this staircase, which, according to Pecopin's calculation, had been built just five years, was much discolored and overgrown with grass; and moreover, is sheltered under its coving some swallows' nests. But can a loving heart be astonished at a few swallows' nests?

If lightning ever ascended flights of stairs, I should compare Pecopin, to lightning; for, in the twinkling of an eye, he had ascended five stories, and stood before Bauldour's private parlor. The door of this room was not changed. It was still clean, gay and shining, its hinges as bright as silver, and the knots of its wood as clear as a maiden's eye. The key was in the door, as if the lovely inmate were expecting a visit from her long absent knight.

He had only to open the door and stand in her presence; yet, he paused. He was breathless with joyful emotions and—with running up five flights of stairs.

When he became more calm, he listened.—

He heard within the chamber the noise of the spinning-wheel.

XVIII.

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED.

THERE was a possibility that this might not be Bauldour's wheel; perhaps it was only the wheel of one of her maids. Near the chamber, was Bauldour's oratory—where frequently she spent whole days; for if she spun much, she prayed more. All this Pecopin said to himself; but he listened with no less delight to the wheel. This is one of the follies of men in love, especially those of fine minds and noble hearts.

Moments like these, to Pecopin, are composed partly of ecstasy that asks to wait, and partly of impatience that asks to enter; the equilibrium continues for a few seconds, and then impatience preponderates. Pecopin at length laid his hand on the door, it yielded to the pressure and he went in,

"Ah!" sighed he; "I was deceived: it is not Bauldour's wheel!"

In fact it was an old woman spinning in Bauldour's room. Not an old woman, either; but an old fairy—for faries, alone, attain to that fabulous state of decrepitude. Woman never grows old. But the individual before Pecopin appeared to have lived, and therefore must necessarily have lived, a hundred years.

Imagine, if you can, a poor little human, or super-human creature, bent, warped, decrepit, tawny, rusty, wrinkled, scaly, grim, shrivelled and sour, with white hair and eyelashes, teeth and lips black and everything else yellow—thin, bald, dry, tottering and hideous.—This venerable, or horrible, creature was sitting or squatting near the window, her eyes fixed on her wheel, and holding her spindle in her hand like one of the Fates.

The good dame was probably rather hard of hearing, for she did not turn at the creaking of the door, nor at the noise made by Pecopin as he entered.

Nevertheless, the knight doffed his bonnet, as it was proper to do before persons of such great age, and, advancing toward her, said,

"Madam, where is Bauldour?"

The centenary lady raised her eyes, dropped her spindle, trembled in every member of her feeble body, and uttered a faint scream: then, half rising from her chair, she extended her long, skeleton fingers toward Pecopin, started at him with her lack-lustre eyes, and said with a weak, grating voice that seemed to issue from a sepulchre,

"Heaven preserve us! The knight Pecopin! Have you come for masses? Gracious Lord! it is true, then! The valiant knight is indeed dead, since his spirit returns from the other world!"

"By my troth, good dame!" cried Pecopin gaily, speaking very loud, that Bauldour might catch the sound of his voice if she happened to be in her oratory, and at the same time, not a little surprised that the old creature should know his name. "I am by no means dead. It is not my spirit that you see, but myself, in veritable flesh and blood. I want no masses, but only a kiss from my betrothed, my Bauldour, whom I love more fervently than ever. Do you hear me, good dame?"

As he finished speaking, the old creature threw herself into his arms.

She was Bauldour!

His night's hunt with the Devil had lasted one hundred years.

Bauldour was not dead, owing to the will of God or of the demon: but at the moment when Pecopin found and beheld her again, the poor girl was one hundred and twenty years old.

XIX.

CONCLUSION.

THE dismayed Pecopin took to his heels.—He rushed down stairs, crossed the court, dashed open the gate, traversed the bridge, climbed the steep, cleared the ravine, leaped the torrent, threaded the brambles, scaled the mountain, and took refuge in the forrest of Sonneck. Here, he wandered all day, terrified, dismayed, despairing, mad. He still loved Bauldour, but he dreaded the spectre he had seen. He no longer knew where was his mind, his memory, of his heart.

When evening came on, and he found he was approaching the castle where he was born, he tore off the rich vestments that the Devil had maliciously bestowed on him, and threw them into the deep torrent of the Sonneck. He then grasped his hair to tear it out by the roots, but was amazed at the first pull to see his hand full of white hairs. At the same instant, his knees trembled under him, his hands were wrinkled, and he was obliged to lean against a tree for support.

The cause of these strange occurrences was not remote. In the depth of his anguish and not knowing what he did, he had broke the chain that bound the talisman to his neck, and thrown it with his clothes into the torrent.—And thus were fulfilled the words of the Sultana's slave: for he had, within that one moment, grown a hundred years older than he was before. In the morning, he had lost his love; in the evening, he had lost his youth; and now, for the third time during that fatal day, he heard a roar of strange laughter behind him. He turned around, but saw no one. It was the devil laughing in his den.

XX.

MORAL.

RIDE you hobby with a curb; and remember that the Devil is always at your elbow.

Slavery in Turkey.

"Dr. Davis has brought some of his own slaves from the United States, who are best acquainted with the cotton culture. So far from being a mere transposition of Slavery from one country to another, the very act of removal is a guaranty of emancipation to the slave. By a law of the Ottoman Empire, no one within its limits can be held in Slavery for a period exceeding seven years. Should the culture of the cotton plant succeed in this region, very many thousands of additional hands will be required. In that event, the Ottoman Empire will present a most eligible field for the amelioration of the condition of the free negro of our own country.

A country youth who had returned home from a visit to the city, was asked by his anxious dad if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "O, yes," replied the ingenious lad, "I was guarded by two constables most of the time."

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother.*
SYRACUSE, *W. L. Palmer*; office between the west doors of the Syracuse House.

Advertising Agent.

P. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at *fifty cents*;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to CLUBS in our Prospectus.

To Teachers & Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as *gratuitous agents* in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish *plans for school houses* to those intending to build.

To Correspondents.

S. A. S. Your communication has received due attention.

Touching the paragraph on 'Willow Brook,' we plead guilty to a certain amount of impropriety in publishing it, but really, the temptation was too strong. We fully realize the peril we incurred, and so convincingly intimated by yourself; 'So, you ventured to brave my displeasure to obtain the thanks of your readers? That *might* have been a dangerous experiment; and a meed of thanks dearly purchased, even if you obtained it at that. *I pray you*, do not put *this* in the paper.'—There! what have we done! Actually transgressed again! Is there no end to our unhappy blunders?—But the thing is done; let us pardon and forget it.

Your queries respecting our 'bard with that horrid *soubriquet* 'Visscher Mix,' are most reasonable and well-timed. Before this, you have doubtless seen another of his 'fine fancyings,' as you poetically style them, which may partially relieve your anxiety, though it should cause its renewal respecting the apparently desperate condition of his mind. We shall show him your compliment, hoping that it may be of value in some way, and we are sure he will manifest due gratitude; if he does not, we will ourselves endeavor to experience a thrill or two for him.

'The Gypsy's Song' is unreadable; we cannot decipher it.

W. H. C. We like your sentiments, but are not at present prepared to comply with your requirement.

C. S. Your favors are welcome and will receive due attention.

Philo-Veritas. You will see by the notice in another column, that the UNION is to be changed to a monthly; in which case the controversy in question will necessarily cease. We should be glad to hear from your *muse* as soon and often as convenient.

Our thanks are due *Ann Linden* for her favors.

CHANGE OF FORM.

This is the last No. which our readers will receive of THE LITERARY UNION as a weekly Journal. It will hereafter appear as a *Monthly Magazine*; in which form we trust it may prove not less acceptable to our patrons and the Public than in its present character.

The reasons which have induced this change are many, and a few of them we will state. The original idea with us was a *Monthly Magazine*.—*Circumstances* modified this to a weekly newspaper. But not long after our commencement, we became satisfied that we should eventually return to our first design. Yet we intended to wait for this till the conclusion of our first year.

But *circumstances*, again, have interfered.—From the situation of the conductors, engaged as they are in other pursuits, this demands an expenditure of time and labor in a *shape* in which they cannot efficiently give it. The same effort, bestowed in another way, will, beyond a doubt, in their opinion, produce very much more effectual results. Still, they would have delayed till the close of the present volume, but for the consideration that the first of January was the time, of all the most proper, for commencing the new series.

The Magazine, we do not hesitate to say, must be of a much higher character than the newspaper. The original matter will be more and better; the mechanical execution the finest that Syracuse can afford. We shall not waste words in promises; we only ask our present patrons to wait till they see our first No., and then render their verdict.

The terms will remain the same as before; the amount of reading matter, of course, being largely increased. We shall give each month from *sixty-four to seventy-two*, or more pages, octavo.

Our labor, thus far, though attended with toils and perplexities of which our readers can have no conception, has been mainly one of enjoyment. We have on all sides been greeted with the heartiest commendations, for which we feel profoundly grateful; may we more deserve them all in the future. Though we shall not visit our friends as often as before, we trust to make our coming the more welcome by bringing what is the more worthy of esteem. But—should any of our patrons who have paid in advance, deem themselves in any way aggrieved by the change which substitutes a monthly book for a weekly newspaper, we say to them, send in the balance of your bill for the term of subscription, *and we will refund your money.* We think none can ask more than this; we presume few will desire as much.

And thus, with the year, we make our exit; trusting shortly to appear again to the sight of our friends in a form as creditable to ourselves as satisfactory to them. *Vale.*

To our Exchanges.

We bespeak the attention of our brethren of the Press to our proposed change in the *Union*.—While feeling under deep obligations for their numerous kind notices of us, we solicit their *opinion* of our Magazine, when it appears, desiring them to give it with no wish to flatter us, but to inform the Public. To such as wish it, we shall continue to exchange on the usual conditions; being fully as liberal as any body else, to say the least. Where the desire is expressed, we can send it without the cover, thus bringing it within the regulations of newspaper exchange.

Our first No. will be out as early in January as

possible; and after that, the issues will be promptly by the first of each month. Meantime, those of our editorial friends who shall duly announce us, will confer a favor, *and be remembered.*

JAN 1850

THE LITERARY UNION:

A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

"Independent in Everything."

DURING the month of January, 1850, will commence a *new series* of this popular Journal, as a monthly MAGAZINE; filled with the choicest literary matter which can be procured, and issued in the finest style of mechanical art.

The character of the UNION will be the same as has been heretofore described, with such changes as may be suitable to its new form. It will aim at the improvement of Literature in general. Purity of tone and integrity of principle will be especially regarded. Education, Religion, Politics, Science, and Art, will be treated in a spirit of independence and liberality.

Our Original Department

will be greatly extended and improved. We have secured the aid of writers equal to any in the country. Our

Reviews

and *Literary Notices* will be prepared with great care, and a sincere desire to render *justice.*

THE LITERARY UNION

Will be issued at Syracuse, N. Y., by the first of each month, in Octavo form of 64 pages, making each year two elegant volumes of 384 pages each.

TERMS; \$3.00 per annum, or \$2, *in advance.*

All communications addressed, POST PAID, to

J. M. WINCHELL,

Proprietor.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Syracuse Musical Institute.

We found time to drop in on Wednesday evening for a few minutes to listen to the exercises of this institution. We were in no way disappointed in the performance; the drill under charge of Mr. J. A. Allen, gave evidence of thorough discipline of voice and taste. We augur well for the musical improvement of our city in the interest and energy manifested.

The Public Schools

Closed their fall term on Monday, to re-open on Wednesday, Jan 2d, 1850.

L. N. Fowler

Is lecturing in the First Ward on Phrenology.

Dr. Baird

Continues his Lectures on Europe. Excepting some historical inaccuracies which we notice, they are among the most perfect productions of the kind we ever listened to. On Friday night he Lectured before the Franklin Institute.

Elihu Burritt

Lectured before the Franklin Institute, on the evening of the 21st. His discourse was a fine specimen of art in the use of language; the clothing of old ideas and philanthropic sentiments in beautiful sentences.

The Board of Education

At its last meeting, removed several teachers, and made *razes* of others. The four schools in the first ward have been newly graded, which will eventually make three of them primary schools.—This change has been long demanded, and it will have the tendency to greatly benefit them in future.

Literary.

NOTICES.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN READER: *A Collection of the most approved Plays of Shakspeare; Carefully Revised, with Explanatory Notes, and Memoir of the Author. Prepared expressly for the use of Classes, and the Family reading Circle.* By John W. S. Hows, Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

That CHANGE is written ON ALL THINGS, is an aphorism so trite as to challenge universal belief; but in nothing is it more remarkable than in the innovations of Taste and perhaps morality, upon the literature of our language. The comparative immorality of the Anglo-Saxon character, acting as a resistant, has been a preventive of sudden and unaccountable revolutions, but not of gradual and continual change. This change has been the effect rather than the cause, of the improvement in public morals; in which, it presents a direct contrast to the equally marked, if not corresponding phases of the literature of France.

It is true that most readers of Shakspeare will look upon this publication as a wrong to the great poet, without thinking, perhaps, that its object is to afford a convenient school and drawing-room volume, rather than to violate the original text. For a further exposition of the editor's motives, we append a short extract:—

'Acting upon these convictions, I have endeavored to extract the essence, as it were, of sixteen of Shakspeare's most approved Dramas—preserving in each the main story entire, by the aid of brief explanatory notes connecting the selections. The strictly poetical passages have been generally retained in preference to the comic portions, my limits compelling me to a choice between the two. Conceding the necessity of this almost imperative choice, I believe that the selections are those, to which the lovers of Shakspeare most frequently and most satisfactorily recur.

'Of the liberties I have been compelled to take with my author, I scarcely know how to speak with becoming propriety. I profess to share the common veneration entertained for the pure unmitigated text of Shakspeare; and can estimate at what it is worth that ultra fastidiousness, which denounces the great 'Poet of Nature' for having made his characters speak agreeably to the spirit of his own age. Still, in preparing a selection of his works for the express purpose contemplated in my design, I have not hesitated to exercise a severe revision of his language, beyond that adopted in any similar undertaking—Bowdler's Family Shakspeare not even excepted;—and simply, because I practically know the impossibility of introducing Shakspeare as a Class Book, or as a satisfactory Reading Book for Families, without this precautionary revision.

'To render the selection better adapted for expressive reading, I have also ventured to disencumber several passages of unnecessary circumlocution, consulting standard authorities to aid me in this portion of my labors.

'I may be held amenable at the bar of criticism, for what may be deemed by many a profanation of Shakspeare.

'In extenuation of my temerity, I may be permitted to say, that although the undertaking of such a work as the present, has been urged upon by convictions, practically enforced, of its necessity, I have long been restrained from making the at-

tempt from conscientious scruples as to its propriety. But to—

'Do a great right,'

I have done

'A little wrong.'

Shakspeare, in the original, is effectually excluded from our Schools; and modern refinement is fast banishing him from the Home Reading Circle.—To bring his profound moral and intellectual teachings to bear upon the early mental training of the young, and to extend his genial influences around the Domestic Hearth, seemed to me justifiable attempts; expedient to be made at all hazards.

'I have therefore prepared these selections with such a carefully expurgated Text, that the Book may be introduced into our Schools with perfect confidence, by the most fastidious Teacher; and with equal propriety it can be used for reading aloud in the most refined and pure-minded Family, or Social Circle.'

THE GOLD MINES OF THE GILA. *A Sequel to Old Hicks the Guide.* By Charles W. Webber. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

This is a pleasant narrative embracing the events, fictitious or real, of a cruise among the gold mines. It presents a stirring picture of frontier Mexican life, as it appears to the Yankee adventurer. The legends are interesting episodes and involve descriptions of many of the ancient Spanish towns.—The following description of a fandango may amuse some readers:

'Passing through the great gate, I was introduced to the square open court—an area of about a quarter of an acre—the low stone houses, on its four sides, lit by rushlights and resounding with music. In the middle of the court itself was a great fire, over which swung a mighty kettle of coffee; near it stood tubs of 'chickeroes'—and women, with long hair hanging loose upon their shoulders, were snatching 'tortillas' from the hot stones as they became done, and heaping them in piles around. There were at least five hundred Mexicans crowding, shouting, and jabbering and feasting, in the open space—the men in white cotton shirts, loose trousers, and the 'Serape'—the women in striped 'rebesos' of the same material thrown like a veil over their heads. Every one—men, women, and children—holding in one hand a tin cup, which was replenished occasionally from the kettle of coffee—and in the other a tortilla and chickeroes.

'The presence of my sprightly guide among them was very suddenly apparent from the increased confusion and hubbub. I elbowed my way thro' the dense, noisy throng, to a low, long room, from which the sounds of revelry seemed to proceed most obstreperously. I succeeded, after a good deal of trouble, in establishing my position just inside the door, and there a most comical scene presented itself.

'The most conspicuous figures among a crowd of dancers, were the Colonel and old Senora Cavillo. He in a blanket coat—his pantaloons stuck into the tops of the long clumsy boots I had given him—was stamping it through the 'Jarabo' (a country dance,) dragging after him the old Senora, who flung out with amazing vivacity her lean and slippered shanks: her parchment face wrinkled with affectionate simpers, and her keen little black eyes leering most lovingly at her gay Lothario. I thought she meant to kiss him—she gazed so passionately at him! She looked the Venus of an infernal revel!

'Close behind this exquisite couple came Texas, bouncing and curveting till his head almost touched

the ceiling, dragging after him a thumping Mexican damsel. Davis was there, too, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—the focus of all attraction—killing and gorgeous as ever! But I was most amused at the Lieutenant. His wife—who was really a very pretty woman—seemed to be perfectly victimized by the transcendent attractions of Davis; while the poor husband stood gloomily in a corner—a just impersonation of the 'green-eyed monster,' watching their billing and cooing with a despairing, vindictive look.

'I was astonished to her such fine music—for the Mexicans have some stirring and fantastic airs among their national music. Their dances are singularly mazy and complicated—some that I witnessed were very graceful, but the favorite fandango is a most listless, monotonous, thump-e-te-thump of the feet of a single couple placed opposite to each other, while the rest of the company are mere 'lookers-on in Verona.' It is associated with old Mexican superstitions. The women were costumed in a style in which antiquated American fashions and semi-barbarous Mexican tastes, were oddly blended. The Mexican dandies were all of them arrayed with the same bastard whimsicality.

'On the whole, it was a curious, grotesque scene. Attracted by a sudden commotion in the crowd outside, I turned my head. Standing close to me, in the faint light, were two men wrapped in dark cloaks; the silver gleam of the stiletto and pistols showed through the darkness, and a dangerous light of sharp fierce eyes glistened beneath the broad shade of their 'sombremos.' I felt instantly that there was fear in this sudden apparition. They looked like the two horsemen of the morning before. I stepped to the Colonel and whispered my suspicions.

'I thought so,' said he.

'And almost prostrating the old Senora in his hurry, he rushed out, six-shooter in hand! But the two strangers had taken the hint, and were already swinging open the great gate. He followed them, prostrating everything in his way. I attempted to follow but the multitude of Peons outside interfered, until the gleam of my long knife above their heads made them give way. I got through just in time to see the Colonel fire thro' the darkness after two men on horseback, who were clattering away down the hill.

'It would have amused one—had there not been something in its exhibition too strong and fierce to be laughed at—to witness the unavailing, championing, foaming fury of the Colonel, as the retreating figure of his enemy was lost in the darkness. He fired his gun twice after him, even when he was far enough out of view. Then stamping and shouting, he dashed the butt of his precious 'six-shooter' against the ground, to the evident peril of its integrity.

'He was rushing back, swearing he intended to make his way to the old Senora, and speak his mind to her, in no very measured terms, about harboring and encouraging a villain like Agatone, to the peril and annoyance of her neighbors, when the great gate of the court was slammed heavily in his face, and the bolts drawn. He dashed his broad shoulders against it like a mad buffalo, and bellowed and roared in his baffled wrath about as musically as that animal would have done, when, in its blind fury, it had crushed its horns against some sturdy oak, behind which its subtle assailant—the hunter—had glided. But it all would not avail! The massive gate was no more to be moved than would the strong oak have been. And after expending his strength in what the western men call 'rearing and charging,' until he was perfectly

exhausted, he listened to my entreaties, and consented to start for home. The man was dreadfully excited, and staggered as we descended the hill.

'The night had been very dark when I came over; but 'glimpses of the moon' visited us now, occasionally, through rifted clouds, which, in vast, gloomy, and ragged masses, were careering as if—possessed by the winged life of fear—they fled across the heavens silently from some weird foe.—There has always been something awful to me in the noiseless hurrying of these black mighty phantoms. Haste!—haste! faster!—faster! they seem to say, as one huge shape rushes upon another, and yet no sound! The ear expects it; you listen for the crash! But no! your heart beat very loud; there is no voice from that great driving chaos!—The silent majesty of motion! the mute power that whirls, through burning mazes, the fire-dance of stars, is seen and felt in the sublimity of such a scene.'

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 293,

Is received, and presents its usual variety of admirable matter. As this is the closing No. of the present volume, it presents an excellent opportunity for subscribing. Terms, \$6.00 a-year, of four volumes. Palmer is agent for Syracuse.

RICHARDS' WEEKLY GAZETTE.

This excellent southern Journal has been united with another, and is henceforth to be published at Charleston, S. C. We heartily wish the enterprising conductor all the success he merits, and that is no little.

THE NEWS.

Such is the title of a new daily established in N. Y. city. The appearance and tone of the sheet are highly commendable, and from these, and the opinions of its neighbors, we see no cause to wish or expect anything for it but success.

Published by WALTER R. JAMES, No. 86, Nassau St.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DEPARTMENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS,
ALBANY, December 21, 1849.

To the Trustees and Inhabitants of School Districts:

An impression extensively prevails throughout the State, as indicated by the daily correspondence of this department, that the omission of the Boards of Supervisors of the respective Counties to raise the additional amount of public money required by the new School Law, dispenses with the necessity of preparing the estimates and voting the taxes required by that act, for the support of Schools for the ensuing year, and that in such cases resort may be had to the old rate bill system. The Superintendent deems it of the utmost importance that this erroneous impression should be removed.—There is no other mode known to the law for the support of the Schools of the State, subsequently to the period when the new law took effect, (Nov. 30,) than that which is prescribed by that law, and no rate bill can legally be made out, under any circumstances, for terms expiring after that day, or for any future school terms. The omission of the Board of Supervisors to act, in no respect affects the powers or duties of inhabitants and trustees of districts as prescribed by the law. In many of the

counties, the annual meetings of the Board had already been held before the new act took effect; and in others, an adjournment had taken place before the Supervisors were officially notified of the adoption of the new law and of their duties under it. In all such cases, the estimates prepared by trustees and submitted to the inhabitants at their annual or at a special meeting called for that purpose, must be based upon the existing apportionment of public money; and the balance requisite for the support of schools for the ensuing year, after the application of the public money, so ascertained, can only be raised by a distinct tax.

The Superintendent earnestly trusts that the temporary additional burthen of taxation cast upon the districts in those counties where the supervisors have been unable to come to their relief in the mode prescribed by the new law, will not be permitted to operate injuriously to the interests of Common School education, by restricting the term of instruction to a less period than eight months, the average heretofore maintained; and that the same enlightened and patriotic views which dictated the adoption of the Free School system by a majority so decided, will be manifested in efficiently sustaining that system, especially at its outset.

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN,

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

* * * Editors of newspapers throughout the State, are respectfully requested to give this notice an insertion for the benefit of their readers and the public generally.

Ingenuity of the Law.

The lawyers who are engaged to defend a man named Leander Shaw, of Brooklyn, against a charge of bigamy, purpose advancing as a material point, the following ingenious argument:—

'That the law which declares bigamy to be a criminal offence, punishable with imprisonment in the State Prison, is invalid and unconstitutional, for the reason that marriage is simply a civil contract, and so regarded by all the tribunals of the land; and that as the violation of a simply civil obligation is not in other instances a felony, the statutes which provide for the indictment and prosecution of a bigamist are nugatory and void.'—*N. Y. News.*

Miss Bremer.

Finding it impossible to answer all the letters addressed to her, Miss Bremer has published a very neat card, 'saying grace over the whole barrel.'—She says, in conclusion:

'I would add, that though I am well aware that in saying all this, I may incur the charge of vanity, I will rather incur that, and bear it, than bear the thought that any heart in the United States of America should suspect mine of ungratefulness or disregard.'—*Phil. Post.*

Search for Sir John Franklin.

We learn that a letter has been received in this city from Lady Jane Franklin, in which she asks for advice and information from the party to whom it is addressed, as to the expediency of her coming over, with the view to the arrangement of an expedition, at her own expense, for the renewal next Spring, of the search for her lost husband. She meditates the purchase and equipment of two small vessels, with which she hopes a more successful result may be obtained than that which has so cruelly disappointed her, under the command of Sir James Ross.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Free Academy in Brooklyn.

We notice with real pleasure that an application is to be made by the Brooklyn Board of Education for power from the Legislature to raise \$30,000, half that sum in each of two years—for the purpose of building a Free High School. Our neighbors of Brooklyn are celebrated for the splendor and frequency of their churches. It would be discreditable if they were not to have one or two Free Academies.—*N. Y. News.*

The members of Congress, it is said, or at least some of them, now in Washington, have been driven to various shifts to obtain clean shirts, not having the means to pay their washerwomen, as their per diem allowance cannot be drawn until the House is organized. It would be well for the laundresses of the city to hasten that event by assembling in mass meeting, and resolving to do no more washing until the Speaker be elected. However, many of the members, probably, are not particular about their linen. M. C.'s are not generally fastidiously clean we believe.—*Williamsburgh Times.*

Ventilation Statistics.

One of the sufferers informs us that a celebrated Professor of Chemistry in one of our most popular medical institutions lectures on the properties of air the necessity of oxygen and the deadly effects of a want of ventilation, to 400 pupils, packed close in a room with a low ceiling, and not so much as a gimlet hole for ventilation. Of course the Professor, as well as his audience, gets pretty much used up before his lecture is finished, and it is not at all uncommon for pupils to be carried out fainting, and absolutely choking to death for want of fresh air—thus furnishing a striking illustration of the important truths being propounded by the Professor!

Upon being asked by one of the students why he would not, at least, let the windows down a little at the top, he replied that the ventilating of the Lecture-room presented many practical difficulties. It was true that the windows might let out some of the impure air, but there were no provisions for letting fresh air in! O, chemistry! O, gas!—and carbonic acid gas, at that!—*Tribune.*

The New British Minister.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the new Minister to the United States, was born in 1804, and married, in 1828, Hon. Georgiana Charlotte Mary, youngest daughter of the first Lord Cowley and niece of the Duke of Wellington; entered the diplomatic service in 1820, and was attached successively to the courts of Berlin, Vienna, and the Hague, till 1830. He was subsequently a member of Parliament for several years, and after being Secretary of Embassy successively at Constantinople, St. Petersburg and Paris, was appointed Minister to the latter Court, and transferred to Madrid.—*Evening Mirror*

There was a legal trial in Wisconsin, in which the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whiskey, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whiskey—in other words, the whiskey was drunk, and so was the jury.—*Louisville Journal.*

Herr Alexander, the unrivaled magician, that performed in this city some two or three years ago, is now in Central America. In one of the cities where he performed, the priests declared from their pulpits that he was the 'Anti-Christ,' and forbid the people attending his exhibitions. He will return to this country next spring.—*Bos. Trans.*

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

DOMESTIC.

After waiting in vain for some Foreign News, we find ourselves obliged to go to press without it. We shall therefore give a summary of the most important Domestic Intelligence, and such extracts as seem pertinent.

After the long and disgraceful scene of anarchy which reigned at Washington, all will be delighted to hear that a Speaker has finally been chosen—even though they feel disappointed in the choice. It must be a sense of deep mortification to the Whigs to see a Democratic slaveholder in the Chair; the northern Democrats, who have so largely professed a desire to see the free interest paramount, cannot themselves feel altogether satisfied; while the Free Soilers who have really produced this result, must feel a strange mixture of triumph and shame. Their course has been similar to that pursued by the Abolitionists in 1844, when their influence was thrown in favor of Mr. Polk, a professed Annexationist, and against Mr. Clay, an avowed opponent of that measure. We are much puzzled to reconcile such actions with a principle of consistency of conscientiousness.

The President's Message is thus relieved from the state of seige in which it has been for three weeks held by the spirit of faction, and comes forth, a document of moderate length, compared with its later predecessors, and written in a plain, clear, business-like style. It embraces an unusually large range of subjects, and among them many suggestions of the most liberal character. His remarks respecting our foreign relations, the cause of Hungary, and the Postage Reform, are peculiarly interesting. With those on the Slavery question we are not so well pleased. His tone there is precisely such as a Southern man would be expected to assume, but very different from what his Proviso friends have insisted it would be.

The reports of the Departments we have not read.

Late news from San Francisco indicates the election of the Democratic ticket at the recent caucus there. Also, circumstances are mentioned which go to establish the belief that Sir John Franklin's Expedition is really safe.

The news from the mines does not seem to substantiate all the golden visions which have enticed so many to visit them.

The following is the latest Telegraphic dispatch received in this city:—

'Nothing further received up to 6 o'clock, P. M.

'The New Orleans Picayune contains later news from Balize, Honduras, by which it appears much complaint existed against the English for their proceedings on the coast of Honduras. They had taken possession of the Island of Raritan, and had seized vessels which had attempted to land on the Spanish coast and evade the coast of Honduras which impose heavy duties on Mahogany and dyewoods.

'A British sloop of war was said to be cruising off the coast, and declared it in a state of blockade.

'In Yucatan the Indians daily sustain defeats. The inhabitants have offered their mediation.

'The Picayune of the 19th inst., has advices from Teneriffe islands, by which it appears that Gen. Canales was about to be tried for the murder of Gen. Flores, whom he had executed last summer. His trial was ordered by the President.

'The papers continue to complain of the Governor of Tamalaupos and of Arista, the Secretary of war.

'Speaking of Gen. Canales, the papers state that that officer is accused of hurrying the unfortunate Flores to his grave through the desire to appropriate the money the latter had about him at the time of his capture, which is said to be \$10,000. Flores, though a native of the South, was related by marriage to the principal families of New Leon.'

ARREST OF AN AUTHOR FOR FORGERY.—Thomas Powell, an English author, was taken into custody, charged by Mr. Malachan, of the firm of Bell & Malachan, bankers, of No. 43, Wall st., with presenting to them to cash, a draft purporting to have been given by John Allen, of No. 2, Lead n-hall st., London, for £100 sterling. Powell at the time stated that the draft was genuine, but the firm doubting it, sent it to a branch of the house in Canada, who sent it to England, where it was pronounced by Mr. Allen to be a forgery. He was held for examination.

This is the person whom Dickens recently exposed as a forger and defaulter in England, and 'a man very likely to form a connection with the American press.'

Mr. Powell—if the draft be indeed a forgery—will escape under the plea of insanity. It can be proved that he read the works of Cornelius Matthews, and, in one of his paroxysms, laughed at their humor.—*Albany Atlas*.

ANNEXATION IN CANADA.—The Montreal Courier says: 'We are happy to be able to state that the Montreal Annexation Association is going ahead as it ought to do. The Association is about to issue publications, circulars, &c., for distribution, particularly in the country. Subscriptions and donations are pouring rapidly in, and we hear that there is an intention of sending round lecturers to enlighten the people on the advantage of the contemplated change in our condition.'

PERU.—The dates from Lima are to the 12th October. The war between the partisans of the two Generals, Vivanco and Echenique, rages with fury. They are both candidates for the Presidency. Congress has passed a law prohibiting altogether the renewal of the privilege of navigating the Peruvian Coast, heretofore allowed to the Steam Navigation Company.

THE 'INTERIAL POINT' OF BOUNDARY between the United States and the Mexican Republic was fixed and acknowledged on Wednesday, the 10th of October. It falls about seventeen miles to the southward of the town of San Diego.

EXPENSE OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.—The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the expenses of the government for the year 1850, at over \$45,000,000; of this sum, \$9,575,678 is for the Navy, and \$5,864,137 for the Army—one-third of the whole national expenditure. How long will this waste of money be tolerated?

THE MORMONS in the Salt Lake Basin have established a mint of their own, at which a large amount of the California gold dust has been coined. They have issued coin of various denominations to the amount of \$20 pieces.

GLEANINGS.

Mr. Babbitt, the Mormon delegate, insists that he has been regularly elected a delegate to Congress from the Territory of Deseret, and will claim his seat as such when the House is organized.

Hannah Crouse, the Ohio Giant Girl, is on a visit to Pittsburg. Since her last visit to that city, this young giantess has increased over 100 pounds in weight, and now although she is only 15 years old, her weight is 430 pounds.

The new capital of Louisiana, Baton Rouge was visited by a very destructive fire on the 24th ult.

Mr. John Smoke has married Miss Susan Ann Segar out West. Susan is not the first cigar that has been smoked.

We learn from the Louisville Courier, that a Mrs. Pigg gave birth, a day or two ago, to three little Piggs—a girl and two boys. She resides in Kentucky, at the mouth of Green River, and at the last accounts the whole litter was alive and doing well.

The Insane Asylum, at Harrisburg, is rapidly progressing to completion. It is an immense structure, and when finished it will present an imposing appearance. It will be creditable to the commonwealth.

The Lord Mayor of London, receives \$40,000 a year, 15,000 more than our President; his expenses are about \$20,000 to keep up the dignities of the office.

A new species of 'cigarrito' has been introduced at New Orleans. It is a paper cigar, the paper of which is manufactured from the tobacco stalk.

Major Brown, the distinguished Engineer sent for by Czar Nicholas to overlook the great railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, left for Russia in the Canada on Tuesday, of last week.

At the Anchor tavern, in Bucks county, a mad dog came into the room where Mrs. Force and her children were sitting, and bit two of the children. One of the children has gone mad.

In the Supreme Court of the United States on Wednesday, the case of Thomas W. Dorr vs. the State of Rhode Island, was dismissed, at the cost of the plaintiff in error.

The Greene County Whig publishes a formal notice, that hereafter it will not lend out its exchange papers on Saturday evening, as on the previous Monday, the getting out of the paper was delayed on account of the exchanges not being returned!

The editor of the 'Kent News,' published at Chestertown, Md., was married a few days since to a lady said to be worth \$50,000. It is farther said that he now refuses to 'exchange' on an equal footing with any of his cotemporaries except the daily blanket sheets!

A child 7 1-2 years old, was tried in Newark, on the 12th instant, for attempting to burn a barn. He confessed to the attempt, and in the absence of a House of Refuge or person to take proper charge of him, he was sent back to the jail for the present.

The overland California company, under Audubon, were eight months and twenty-six days in reaching San Diego—still a long way from the gold region. Their sufferings must have been extreme—such as people here in their comfortable homes cannot even imagine.

Two-thirds of this property (Natural Bridge of Virginia) was sold under a decree of Rockbridge Superior Court on Monday week, to Col. Wooten, of Henry county, the owner of the other third, for \$6,600.

A California letter published in the Edgartown Gazette, states that Miss Abiah M—, formerly of that place, was at San Francisco, making \$25 per day, by washing.

Mr. Samuel Gurney is one of four London banking families whose united properties were recently pointed out in the Circular to Bankers as exceeding the Capital of the Bank of England, while they amounted to five times the capital of the Bank of France.

The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our race, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the HUMAN CONSTITUTION. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

The Phrenological Journal is published by

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The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific Discoveries and Mechanical Inventions—notice of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly, by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

The Water-Cure Journal.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS, is published monthly, at ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance, containing thirty-two large octavo pages, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure and Anatomy of the entire Human Body; with familiar explanations, easily to be understood by all classes.

The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE AND LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

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Trade Sale Books.

WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sales—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers. WYNKOOP & BROTHER.

Oct. 20, 1849.

Salem Town's School Books,

Published by

H. GILLAM & Co.,

No. 65, GENESEE STREET, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.
Town's SECOND READER; " 31¼ "
" THIRD READER; " 50 "
" FOURTH READER; " 80 "
" FIFTH READER; will be published soon.
" SPELLER & DEFINER; Trade price, 16¼ cents.
" ANALYSIS, " 37½ "

The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

Teachers, or persons wishing the above works for introduction, will be supplied at very reduced prices by Wynkoop & Brother, Syracuse; or by addressing John A. Kerr, care of H. Gillam & Co., Auburn.

Books will be sent to any part of the County, if desired.

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Music Store.

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Music & Musical Instruments,

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Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

To School Teachers,

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

GATES, STEDMAN & Co.,

116 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th, *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by OLIVER B. PIERCE.

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—*Pope.*

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post-office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the Primer (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the First Reader, 6 1-2 cents; the Essay, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 103 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercise: are XXXIV. easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

In his progress through the Series, the child learns *correctly* the principles of Orthoepy and Orthography, by the same lessons, and according to *actual usage* among the best speakers and writers of the day.

By the various primary works, from the first writing of the language down to the present time, the learner has been taught to pronounce *incorrectly* various classes of words, but especially that very numerous class having the termination *ed*, not spoken as a separate syllable; as *lov-ed*, *prov-ed*, *knock-ed*, *dash-ed*, *miss-ed*, &c.

The child having been taught by the books to pronounce such words as just indicated, finds, later, to his perplexity and discouragement, that what he has thus acquired is all wrong. He must now unlearn this, and learn that such words are to be spoken, *lov'd*, not *lov-ed*; *prov'd*, not *prov-ed*; *noht*, not *knock-ed*; *dash't*, not *dash-ed*; *mist*, not *miss-ed*, &c., &c.

By the *Natural Series*, the child is *always* taught the right, first; and not the *wrong afterwards*.

It is believed that the use of the *Natural Series* will secure a free, easy and natural style of elocution in the progressive tyro, and will *naturalize* the constrained, stiff and artificial reader.

It is believed, also, that these books are better graduated in their intellectual character, than others now in common use, *simpler, clearer, higher, and more attractive and impressive* in their moral tone.

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This Hotel is situated near Broadway, and but a short distance from the landing of the North River Steamboats and Cars from Philadelphia, Newark, Paterson, &c. For business men, generally, it is very conveniently located. It is not large, but can accommodate about one hundred persons well. When the Subscriber opened this House, about two years since, it was a broken down RUM HOUSE, and many thought it even foolish to open it as a TEMPERANCE HOUSE; but, through his exertions and the liberal patronage of his Temperance friends and others, he has shown that a *temperance hotel* can be supported if well kept. And as this is a time that tries men's temperance principles, a time when many temperance Houses are giving up, and putting in RUM, the Subscriber would invite all those that feel an interest in the cause to remember his House—No. 28, Courtland st. ELDAH TAYLOR.

New York, 1849.

Price of Board, \$1.25 per day.

Notice to Teachers.

PROF. H. MATTISON, author of the "Elementary Astronomy," and "Astronomical Maps," has now in course of preparation, a

"PRIMARY ASTRONOMY."

designed to precede his larger work in the Common Schools. It will be a twelve mo. of about 150 pages, with one hundred illustrative cuts, incorporated with the text, and Questions in the margin. It will be ready for delivery about the middle of January next.

HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE.

New-York, Dec. 1, 1849.

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Democratic Review,	3 " 25 monthly.
Gramm's Magazine,	3 " 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book,	3 " 25 "
Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dolla Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

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Syracuse, Sept. 28, 1849.

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Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Court House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of **TEETH** on plate, that he will, (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth 3 or 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June, 1849.

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Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure **WINES AND LIQUORS**, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

CENTRAL MEDICAL COLLEGE,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Fall and Winter Course of Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the **FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER** next, and will continue sixteen weeks. The aggregate cost of Tickets will be \$55, including Demonstrator's fee. The Graduating Class will receive the benefit of extra instructions from the Faculty, during hours not appropriated to the regular exercises of the College, as often as three times per week. The only requisites for graduation are suitable qualifications.

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*C LINCK, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Medical Botany.

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*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been As. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE.—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

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